

11 585 8724(3) 1125
127
1150

MATRIMONY:

A

Petit Opera

IN TWO ACTS.

Mariette de la Roche

ALTERED FROM THE FRENCH,
BY JAMES KENNEY,
AUTHOR OF RAISING THE WIND.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES
DRURY-LANE AND NEW-YORK.

From the prompt-book---by permission.

NEW-YORK :

PUBLISHED BY D. LONGWORTH,
At the Dramatic Repository,
Shakspeare-Gallery.

1805.

EVERY
DURST

P R E F A C E.

THE little opera of *Adolphe et Clare*, which I saw at Paris in the autumn of 1802, pleased me more than any thing of the kind I saw on the french stage. I was well aware how much it was at variance, like most of their other pieces of this cast, with the general spirit of english farce; yet its intrinsic neatness persuaded me it would not be unwelcome to a british audience, and determined me to prepare the piece for the theatre; its success has fully justified me in having done so.

The character of *O'Clagherty* is a metamorphosis—*Lisetta*, an interpolation; and the poetry is nearly a fresh supply. My utmost claim to whatever merit MATRIMONY may possess 'hath this extent—no more.' A diurnal critic, in terms highly courteous and flattering blames me that my alterations have been so limited. The design is unsusceptable of that bustle and ludicrous situation, the want of which he seems peculiarly to lament; an attempt to introduce them must have destroyed the character of the piece; it would have made it something else, and I am fearful, something worse. The unity of the scene has also been made an objection, but more on account of its novelty, than from any more serious cause. Every body makes me this objection; not on their own account, but for the sake of the public. It is thus that prejudice of all kinds keeps its ground. If individuals are all satisfied, what becomes of that public, to which I am to sacrifice? as the objection, however, was easily obviated, two changes of scene have been made since the second representation.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

NEW-YORK.

DRURY-LANE.

Baron de Limburg Mr. JOHNSON, *Mr. Downton.*

Delaval DARLEY, *Elliston.*

O'Clogherty SHAPTER, *Johnstone.*

Clara MRS. DARLEY, *Mrs. Jordan.*

Lisetta, MISS PATTEN, *Bland.*

Servants, &c.

SCENE.—A short distance from Berlin.

MEMORANDUM.—*The passages distinguished by inverted commas, thus (‘) are omitted in the performance.*

MATRIMONY.

ACT I.

SCENE--*A hall in the castle of Limburg. A staircase on each side ; and a large window in the flat.*

Enter BARON and O'CLOGHORTY.

Bar. **H**A! ha! ha!--so, then, our old castle, hitherto the peaceable abode of friendship, the rendezvous of my hunting neighbors, the asylum of innocence and poverty, is to be transformed, at the whim of a cabinet minister, into a state prison. Well, the reasons he gives me, are good ones. My heart is interested in his motives, and I am determined to fulfil his intentions. You shall help me, O'Cloghorty. 'Tis an act of friendship.

O'Clog. Then give me my orders, general. When I have always stuck to them so staunchly in banging an enemy, never fear I shall neglect them in the service of a friend.

Bar. I can do nothing without you, comrade ; therefore let me invest you with your new powers immediately. This morning you were only my game-keeper ; now I appoint you, gaoler of the prison of which I am governor.

O'Clog. Gaoler! O'Cloghorty a gaoler!--an old soldier, whose business has been to make prisoners, to turn paltry keeper of them!

Bar. Don't be alarm'd my honest fellow. It's only a frolic, which pleases me because its end is laudable, because it will tend to re-unite a charming pair, gay and thoughtless, but amiable ; whom the pleasures of the capital, bad counsels, and false friends have led astray, and might in the end have ruin'd intirely.

O'Clog. Oh! well, well; if that's the case, no matter what name we take. If we have but an indifferent one, doing an act of kindness to our fellow-creatures is no bad way of mending it at any rate.

Bar. There spoke the old soldier. But take care, my good fellow; tremble lest under the severe appearance you are going to assume, the tender heart of *O'Cloghorty* should still be perceptible.

O'Clog. It will require some pains, to be sure.

Bar. And then that comely figure—you must make it look clumsy and forbidding.

O'Clog. To a young lady!—oh, that will be difficult indeed. I'll speak to her without looking at her; for, if I see her sighing, and crying, and sobbing, and trembling, I shall certainly send my part to the devil, and jump about her beautiful neck. But how the plague are we to accommodate the lady and gentleman?

Bar. I'll tell you. Hear the minister's letter (*reads*). "You have often heard me speak of my volatile mad-cap of a niece Clara, whom I married at a very early age to young Delaval. They were then passionately in love with each other, and I was proud of my choice; but a dissipated life, bad company, and some jarring qualities in their dispositions, have occasioned many childish quarrels between them, which have terminated in a serious rupture, without any real cause of reproach on either side. They have both brought me their complaints, and solicited to be delivered from the cause of their troubles; the husband begging I would send his wife to a convent, the wife that I would oblige the husband to absent himself upon his duty. In seeming to comply with the wishes of both, I mean to furnish them with a lesson that may prove a better remedy for their grievances. When shut out from the capital, and the sources of their discord, under the eye of a sensible and enlightened friend, I trust their heads will again be cooled, and their hearts warmed. They shall be conveyed from Berlin an hour hence, and will arrive at your castle on the tenth. I trust them entirely to your manage-

ment, and hope soon to hear you have restored them to reason and happiness.'

O'Clog. Sweet souls! how astonish'd they'll be to meet again, just when they've left one another so far behind. Oh, I wish they were come.

Bar. They'll soon be here. I've order'd one of my fellows to be upon the watch, and give me notice with the horn the moment he sees them. The rest of my servants have their instructions to represent my sentinels, my turnkeys, &c. You are to be my confidential man. Your business will be, to watch over the prisoners, to scrutinize their behavior, and give me a faithful account of all that passes among them.

O'Clog. Couldn't we give the six-pounders a share in the frolic?

Bar. No doubt of it--they shall be planted on the rampart--they'll do to make a noise if necessary, and that's all the service they have been used to.

O'Clog. That's true, my noble commander. Like those of some enemies I have heard of, they have seen nothing but rehearsals yet, and seem likely to wear out in smoke and harmless botheration.

Bar. But you must go and equip yourself directly.-- I have provided a disguise for you. You'll find it in my cabinet. *(the horn sounds)*

DUET.--BARON and O'CLOGHORTY.

O'Clog. The signal--hark! the mellow horn,
Speaks a prisoner's approach.

Bar. Look--from the window you'll discern
Who's descending from the coach.
Is't the lady?

O'Clog. *(looks from the window)* To be sure;
For her gaoler to allure,
See her lute's in yonder chest.

Bar. *(looking)* And to soothe him when he chides,
Many a pretty thing besides,
Doubtless lurks among the rest.

Both. Lovely woman! angels bless you!

Solace sure for every ill ;
 Though we study to distress you,
 You delight to charm us still.

Bar. Can you now perceive her face ?

O'Clog. No, her veil hides every feature.

Bar. But her figure--mark, what grace !

O'Clog. Oh, she's a bewitching creature.

Bar. This way--now I see her clearer ;

O'Clog. (*exulting*) I shall shortly see her nearer.

Zooks ! what packets she has got ;

Drawings, and I don't know what.

Both. Lovely woman, &c.

O'Clog. They are showing her into the hall. Now to go and practise the functions of my office--I'll make the locks, bolts and bars clatter famously ; and when the governor calls me, here I am. Faith it will be comical enough now if I should make no blunder in this business. [*exit.*

Bar. Here she comes. I'll withdraw a little, to observe the impression the place makes upon her, and take my cue from it. [*retires.*

CLARA enters in a travelling dress, preceded by a guard.--LISETTE follows with another guard. Two sentinels are stationed at the entrance.

Cla. (*to the guard*) What, sir, take away my waiting maid--the governor could never order any such thing.

Lis. No, that he couldn't, I'm sure.

Cla. Never was a woman treated so cruelly. Send the governor to me, sir, d'ye hear.--And if the governor's not in the way, send me the next great man among you.

1st Sol. We have already sent to him.

2d Sol. For the present, mrs. waiting maid, you must come with me.

Lis. Must I, indeed, go with you ? oh, madam, it breaks my heart to leave you.

SONG.--LISSETTA.

Here weeping, bewailing,
 In prison to stay ;
 Misfortune assailing,
 And friends far away.
 Ay, say, will they rid you
 Of Lisetta too ?--
 My heart breaks to bid you,
 Sweet lady, adieu !
 Kind angels attend you,
 And soothe every pain,
 Till heaven shall send you
 Blest moments again ;
 When never more need you
 Lose servant so true,
 Nor Lisetta bid you,
 Sweet lady, adieu !

Cla. What a horrid place ! and what an incredible adventure ! (*the servants bring in their luggage*) At the very moment that I was beseeching my uncle to rid me of that--that tyrant--(*to the servants*) put my lute down there--mind what you're doing--where's my music ?--my english romances-- (*to herself*) shut up in a prison ! --at my age ! what a wretched being I am !--(*to the servants*) ah, deuce take you ! my pens will be all crushed to pieces. (*to herself*) A very wretched being indeed. (*the servants go out*) How could my relations be so shortsighted, as to marry me to a good-for-nothing fellow, that for a few tolerable weeks at first, has tormented me incessantly ever since ?

The BARON enters usher'd by a sentinel.

2d Sol. The governor is here, madam. [*exit.*]

Bar. Madam, you're welcome. I desired I might be inform'd the moment you alighted from your carriage. But, really the affairs of the castle, the number of prisoners, I beg pardon, madam--but now I attend your orders.

Cl. It seems, sir, tis I must yours——for I've been waiting——.

Bar. Excuse me, madam. I am now quite at your service. Sentinel, take the lady's things up to the third room in the second tower---that looking upon the ditch, no. 107. (to Clara) Its very commodious, madam.

Cl. But, my waiting-maid, sir ——

Bar. She will be taken care of, madam. My orders require that she should be parted from you, and sent back to Berlin with the first convenience.--You are married, madam?

Cl. Alas ! yes, sir.

Bar. A young husband--amiable, no doubt?

Cl. A monster! sir.

Bar. You have been unhappy then ?

Cl. To such a degree, you've no idea.

Bar. He was inconstant, perhaps ? and yet to look at you one would hardly imagine--a gamester probably, or a rake.

Cl. Every thing, sir, every thing that's bad.

Bar. Yet in his principles I should hope--

Cl. Oh, yes, sir,--just and honorable--Nobody has any reason to complain of him but his wife.

Bar. Well, that's something ; but he is not the less inexcusable ——

Cl. 'I o be sure not, is he, sir ?

Bar. Particularly, as I have every reason to believe, it was at his pressing solicitations that the minister signed the fatal order——

Cl. What ! was it my husband that--yes, yes, it was he. I'm sure of it--it's exactly like him ; I hated him before--but now--

Bar. (smiling) I should hardly suspect you can do more for him.--I pity you very sincerely, I am already much interested for you. I have been deceived about you ;--you were described to me as a giddy, thoughtless woman, and I find you the victim of injustice.

Cl. Yes, sir, I am--a victim,--that's the very word. What indignity ! (weeping, then changing her tone) but

it don't signify, I'll make the best of it.--Pray, sir, how do we pass our time here? I'm afraid I shall die with ennu.

Bar. We'll do all in our power to divert you from your troubles; in the first place you may walk.

Cl. (*pleased*) Walk, may we?

Bar. Twice a day.

Cl. (*pointing*) In the---

Bar. In the court yard---

Cl. In the court-yard!

Bar. Lengthways or across, at the choice of the prisoner.

Cl. Mighty pleasant. And pray what other amusement?

Bar. Then you return to your apartment.---There you repose yourself, and may either read or sleep.

Cl. (*ironically*) Indeed! Do you really allow all these recreations? bless me!-- it's a paradise.--And this is the way of life in the castle, of which you have the honor to be the governor?

Bar. Every body is not so well treated. For the refractory, for instance, for the refractory we have---

Cl. (*displeased*) Will you be so obliging, sir, as to show me my apartment?

Bar. (*taking out his watch*) If you please--but you will be at liberty to chat another quarter of an hour with me, if you find it agreeable.

Cl. (*ironically*) Undoubtedly; but I--I'm afraid of indulging myself too much the first day.--I wish to husband my enjoyments.

Bar. As it suits you. Then I must call the turnkey, the gaoler, the sentinels.

Cl. Sir!

Bar. Hollo! (*beckons to a soldier, who approaches*) Are the passages well guarded, the garrison under arms, the drawbridge, the cannon, all in order?

Cl. Is all that on my account, sir? I beg you won't make so much ceremony with me, sir. Or, if you only want to frighten me, I assure you (*with ironical politeness*)

ness) one of those gentlemen will be quite sufficient.

Bar. (to the Soldier) There, sir, make the lady a bow and conduct her away. (the horn sounds)

Cl. What's that?

Bar. It's a prisoner that I expect—he will be here in a few minutes. That signal is to announce his approach.

Cl. A prisoner! I wish it had been a companion.

Bar. His case is a very lamentable one, if what they write me about him be true.

Cl. He is unfortunate then? you interest me in his favor. Might I ask his name?

Bar. He'll tell it you himself; you'll be with him now and then—at your meals, for instance; you'll eat at the governor's table—you'll meet him to-night at supper.

Cl. But—can I show myself? I'm so horridly fatigued with my journey—my figure—

Bar. Is perfectly well I assure you. Besides, here, you know, you can have no pretensions—

Cl. Oh, no, I protest—all men at present are—but one wouldn't like to be frightful, and I think if I were just to change this gown, and set my head to rights—

Bar. Set your head to rights?—why, yes, that might be as well, to be sure.

Cl. I've a charming cap—when's your supper?

Bar. Two hours hence.

Cl. Oh, then I've time to make myself a little decent.

Bar. In two hours? I should think so.

Cl. But who's to attend me?

Bar. (calling) Sentinel!

Cl. Sir!

Bar. Give notice to the old woman to attend the lady.—(to Clara) You'll find her very useful; and depend upon it every attention you can expect shall be paid you.

Cl. You're a charming man; you take part in my misfortunes—now for my toilet—That way, sir? (at the foot of the stair-case)

Bar. Yes, madam

Cl. What a shocking stair-case—abominable! I shall never be able to climb it.

Bar. It's the only one, madam, that leads to your apartment.

Cl. Is it? well--if every thing answers to this specimen, mr. governor, you may certainly boast of a most delightful and convenient habitation. [*exit ascending the stairs.*]

Bar. What levity!--what a head! no wonder her husband—

O'CLOGHORTY enters disguised for the gaoler, with an air of self-complacency.

O'Clog. (*pulling him by the sleeve*) What do you say to me?

Bar. Ah, charming! you have surpass'd my expectations, my old friend. To do you justice, you look frightful.

O'Clog (*smiling*) You flatter me--but without vanity I think I'm tolerably horrid; and then my voice, you know--you've my own sweet natural tone now--I'll keep my next little bit of a grunt for a proper occasion. There's no need of being ostentatious. But the name—

Bar. Aye; it must be something pretty now and suitable --Suppose we say Grim---gruffin--hoff.

O'Clog. Grim---gruffin--hoff.--I'll study it.--The husband's arrived--they made him get down at the gardener's lodge--the guard-room, you know, and there he's waiting--a mighty smart fellow. Oh, what a pity it would be to part such a charming couple.

Bar. I'll go and conduct him in. [*exit.*]

O'Clog. Now, mr Grim-gruffin-hoff, think a bit of your new character--and deserve the confidence placed in you. Faith, and it will be no easy matter I find. The dress may be well enough; but then I feel I can never come at your oaths, and your frowns, and your--your cut-throats grimaces; what one may call the graces of my office.——Och! but I'll not lose heart for all that. If I can't reach all the accomplishments of the profession, I'll e'en be satisfied with what I can master. [*exit.*]

SONG.—O'CLOGHORTY.

Can an Irishman practise such guile,
 With a lady so sweet to dissemble,
 And when he would make the rogue smile,
 To think but of making her tremble?
 Indeed, mister Grimgruffinhoff,
 If these are the rigs you must run,
 You may think yourself mighty well off,
 That you're only a gaoler for fun.

To be sure tis a comical plan,
 When two married folks disagree,
 To pop them as soon as you can,
 Both under a huge lock and key.
 Should we blab of this project of ours,
 'To cure matrimonial pother,
 One half of the world, by the powers!
 Would very soon lock up the other.

Oh, liberty! jolly old girl!
 In dear little Ireland, you know,
 You taught me to love you so well,
 They never shall make me your foe!
 My practice will nothing avail,
 And this little frolic once o'er,
 Never give me the key of a gaol,
 Except it's to open the door.

The BARON and DELAVAL enter.

Del. Depend upon it, sir, it will turn out some mistake--some error in the name, perhaps.

Bar. No, sir, you are accurately described, Frederic Delaval. But reflect a little; are there not some secret motives--some debts, for instance?--

Del. Debts! why I have contracted a great many, it's true, but then--I've paid them all.

Bar. Concern'd perhaps in some affair of honor?

Del. Half a dozen, sir. But neither, thank heaven, has furnished a pretence to lock up either party.

Bar. Some ill natured relation, then?

Del. I have just received a legacy from the last of them. To be sure there's an uncle of my wife's that might have--no, that's impossible. He had too great a regard for me--I confided all my troubles to him, and he participated in them with the most friendly solicitude. Indeed he had just promised to rid me of my wife.

Bar. You were not upon good terms then?

Del. We couldn't be upon worse.

Bar. Her person probably is not exactly--

Del. The prettiest woman in Berlin, sir. God knows why they married us! we loved each other too--I don't know whether we did not adore each other for a few months, and might have done so still, but I soon found her such a devilish temper.

Bar. What--haughty--forbidding?

Del. No, damn it, it wasn't that, but--in short--curse me if I can tell you what it was exactly.

Bar. Cross--peevish?

Del. No, not peevish, but somehow petulant, fickle--won't hear reason.

Bar. What the devil!--did you talk reason to her?

Del. To be sure, now and then.--Why, what are you laughing at?

Bar. (*smiling*) Isn't it rather odd, think ye, at your age, to be talking reason to her, when she expects you should be talking of nothing but love.

Del. Nonsense!--why I tell you she wouldn't listen to me--constantly crossing me--every moment occupied with balls, entertainments, dress--sometimes she'd leave me whole days alone--grumbled if I but spoke to a pretty woman, while she herself listened to the flippant nonsense of every coxcomb that came near her. In fact, sir, she has gone so far as to propose separate apartments!--yes, sir, separate apartments--and from that moment--(*whispers.*) It's very true, upon my soul.

Bar. Oh! these are shocking things--it's impossible to regret such a woman as that. She is really every thing that's bad--coquettish, ill tempered, and perhaps--

Del. (seriously) Oh! no--no. I must do her the justice to say that no suspicion of that sort—

Bar. Aye, very likely. But she's certainly a woman you couldn't live with, and at all events it's a great advantage to be parted from her.

Del. Why certainly, there's some consolation in that (*smiling.*) Still it might have been as well if she had been brought here instead of me.

Bar. I understand you; but make yourself easy. I'll write to the minister, and open his eyes in this matter.

Del. (earnestly) Thank ye, governor.

Bar. And I don't despair of getting your wife to take your place.

Del. That will be famous. I'm very much obliged to you, governor.

Bar. In the mean time you shall enjoy every proper liberty. Our garden is large and pleasant, and we've a little society within. Among others a very charming young woman arrived to-day.

Del. (eagerly) A young woman!—pretty?

Bar. Very engaging.

Del. Delightful!--oh the charming little creature!--Some jealous brute of a husband, I dare say—

Bar. Something of that sort. You may see her--She's just coming down.

Del. Is she?--I needn't tell you I shall be extremely happy in her acquaintance.

Bar. But then, I hope you'll conduct yourself with proper—

Del. (impatient) Oh! to be sure I shall--where is she?--which way is she coming?

Bar. But then you must be so out of spirits, so vexed and mortified.

Del. Oh! most confoundedly--but I don't see her coming--not that I'm in any hurry.

Bar. Oh! no, I see that clearly. But I must attend to business. Excuse me, and if the lady comes, you'll be so good as keep her company till supper.

Del. Oh! surely--you needn't trouble yourself about

that. (*exit* Baron) A pretty woman!--come, that's something to qualify captivity, however. Now do I feel unaccountably disposed for a little romantic attachment; yes, I'm getting sentimental very fast.

SONG.--DELAVAL.

Oh! when the bosom's torn with care,
When sad regret controls us;
For one perverse and cruel fair,
Another best consoles us.

This lovely woman fortune sends,
Shall make my jaded heart amends;
Now my fancy fain would sketch her,
And with every charm enrich her.
Eyes brilliant, languishing, and tender;
Figure, elegant and slender;
' And upon her lovely face,
' Steals a soft and pensive grace.
' Which as I her woes beguile,
' Gently brightens to a smile:'
How my griefs will then abate!
She'll delight me,
And requite me
For the frowns of cruel fate.

Oh! when the bosom's torn with care,
When sad regret controls us;
For one perverse and cruel fair,
Another best consoles us.

Hark!--I hear the rustling of her gown--there's a charm in that--there she is (*approaching the staircase.*) Her back is turned this way--charming figure! and that arm that she's extending to give an order, how fair, how elegantly formed! by heaven! I'm already so touched with her misfortunes that--but she's coming, she's coming, here she is. [*Clara descends.*]

Cl. Now for this new prisoner.--Is it possible!

Del. Can it be!

Cl. It is he!

Del. It is she!

Cl. So, it's you, sir?

Del. It is indeed, madam.

Cl. What, you are come, I suppose, to enjoy my affliction, to insult my misfortunes.

Del. I'm come, madam, because a party of guards brought me.

Cl. Arrested! oh! that's charming; tell me all about it.

Del. It was the minister's will and pleasure.

Cl. Well, and do you know, they have served me the same. It seems they thought every thing should be in common in a well regulated family.

Del. I should like vastly to know to whom I am indebted for this agreeable residence.

Cl. (*seriously*) Should you, sir? then I can tell you. It is to—(*curtseying with ironical politeness*) to me, sir. (*laughs.*)

Del. To you! really I'm very much obliged to you.

Cl. You're very polite: I'm sure I needn't enquire what generous friend was so good as—

Del. (*maliciously*) You make me blush. Its true I was willing to contrive you a little surprize.

Cl. Do you laugh, you wretch!—let me tell you it was a measure unworthy even—

Del. Your's or mine?

Cl. He'll drive me mad.—I'm not jesting, sir; I'm very angry; and as a proof of it, I assure you the only comfort I found in my misfortune was—

Del. Getting rid of me.

Cl. Excuse me if I don't contradict you. We are not here to flatter each other.

Del. Don't distress yourself. The same reflection which you made in secret, I communicated to the governor, the first moment of my arrival. At least, says I, (*with force*) I shall live here in peace; I shall see no more of her.

Cl. (*piqued*) My eulogy in two words.

Del. (ironically) Why when we're absent from those we love, it's a pleasure, you know to be talking of them.

Gla. I've experienced it—for I told him some good of you.

Del. (piqued) I couldn't be in better hands.

[*both affect a laugh.*]

Del. (aside) Who the devil would live with such a woman?

Gla. (aside) He's as odious here as at Berlin.

Del. (aside) It's impossible to bear her; so I'll be off.

Gla. Excuse me, sir. (*going*)

O'CLOGHORTY *enters and intercepts her—a sentinel intercepts Delaval.*

O'Clog. You can't pass here.

Gla. Oh! the horrid monster! what d'ye say? mustn't I go to my own apartment?

O'Clog. No; it's not the time.

Del. But, mr. gaoler, surely——

O'Clog. No parleying—it's the governor's orders.

Gla. (crying with spite) Lord! how can he be so provoking!

Del. (aside) Now that's to mortify me——(*to O'Cloghorty*) Come, come now, my honest fellow, I'm sure you are not so ill natured as you look.

O'Clog. (aside) He knows me——

Del. You'll allow me to return, I dare say. [*draws his purse.*]

O'Clog. Incorruptible.

Gla. Nay, but my dear, sweet mr. gaoler——

O'Clog. Inflexible.

Del. Can we do nothing with you?

O'Clog. Nothing; but obey me—and hate me, if that will be any consolation to you.

Del. Thank'ye—I shall certainly avail myself of the indulgence.

O'Clog. So much the better.

Gla. But, mr. gaoler.

O'Clog. I'll answer no more.

Cl. Well, that's one point gained at any rate.

O'Clog. I must return to my post. [exit.]

Cl. And that's another.

Del. Well, this is pleasant---that we must be forced to keep each other company.

Cl. Does that vex you?---now it pleases me vastly.

Del. Indeed!--well that's a little odd, after---

Cl. (*imitating O'Clogherty*) I'll answer no more.

Del. Was there ever such a---

Cl. (*in the same tone*) I must return to my post.---
(*goes to the table for her lute.*)

Del. (*on the other side*) Luckily I've a book in my pocket.

Cl. (*taking up her lute*) Aye, this is a fine opportunity now to complete your studies---you're a young man, and have a great deal to learn.

Del. If you were a little better instructed---

Cl. Bless me, I'm afraid I've forgotten my key.

Del. One of the comforts of a good head.

Cl. Pray don't talk of heads---for, without compliment, this is not a place to look for a better in, I'm sure. O! here's a charming new song---(*aside*) he doesn't seem to listen---(*loud*) that an unhappy woman---sang to beguile the misfortunes that a wicked fellow of a husband (*aside*) he's peeping under---(*loud*) brought upon her---(*aside*) now he's looking on one side---(*loud*) poor woman!---(*aside*) there, he's stamping with rage! [*sings from music, accompanying on the lute. Deival takes a chair.*]

SONG.--CLARA.

A sage once to a maiden sung,

While summer leaves were growing ;

Experience dwelt upon his tongue,

With love her heart was glowing :

The summer bloom will fade away,

And will no more be seen ;

'T hese flowers that look so fresh and gay,

Will not be ever green ;

For the green leaves all turn yellow.

Tis thus with the delights of love,
 The youthful heart beguiling ;
 Believe me, you will find them prove
 As transient.—though as smiling :
 Not long they flourish ere they fade,
 As sadly I have seen ;
 Yes, like the summer flowers, fair maid,
 Oh, none are ever green ;
 For the green leaves all turn yellow.

Del. (rises, aside) This is too bad. (loud) Madam. (to himself) No, she shan't see how much she has mortified me.

Cl. I thought you called me, sir.

Del. No, madam, I'm reading. (resumes his chair) But, after all, madam, I should like very much to know, how you managed to obtain this order for my——

Cl. (taking her chair in the same manner) And I should like to know how you contrived——

Del. (interrupting her hastily) Very easily. By an application to your uncle.

Cl. The very man I applied to.

Del. If we keep this distance, I'm afraid we must bawl to each other.

Cl. Well, why don't you come nearer, then ?

Del. Oh, certainly. (both draw their chairs close to each other) Well, you were saying——

Cl. Bless me, why you've taken to wear powder again.

Del. Yes, do you think it improves me ?

Cl. Very much.

Del. That hat becomes you uncommonly.

Cl. Really, well, you went to my uncle and you told him——

Del. All the ill of that I could think of.

Cl. Not from your heart.

Del. I beg your pardon ; I hate hypocrisy.—And pray what did you tell him about me ?

Cl. That you were a detestible creature ; and the plague of my life.

Del. You exaggerated.

Cl. I beg your pardon. I must be as candid as you. I even assured him, (to be sure I was in a great rage that day) that my hatred for you—

Del. (*jocosely*) Hatred, that's a very strong term. I only talked of my antipathy.

Cl. And that still continues?

Del. Fortunately—

Cl. (*drawing away*) Adieu, sir

Del. (*imitating her*) Adieu, madam; (*after a pause*) and yet, here we are, condemned to see each other every day.

Cl. (*sighing*) It's very true.

Del. (*rocking in his chair.*) And this may last

Cl. (*imitating him*) Heaven knows how long.

Del. (*turning towards her*) So, if we quarrel—

Cl. (*turning also*) We shall only make ourselves more miserable.

Del. That's very clear. (*a short pause*) Therefore we may as well live civilly.

Cl. Yes, just civilly.

Del. We shall see each other—

Cl. Now and then at our meals.

Del. And at our walks.

Cl. Aye, at our walks in the court-yard.—But that's all Just good day—good night, and so on.

Del. Certainly (*with a tender earnestness*) Only if you should happen to fall sick—

Cl. Oh, to be sure, if you should meet with any accident—

Del. (*tenderly, and drawing back his chair*) Why, then—

Cl. (*in the same manner*) Why, then—

Del. (*drawing still nearer*) I must be near you.

Cl. (*drawing close to him*) I mustn't run away from you.

Del. (*affectionately*) We must tell each other our sufferings—

Cl. (*in the same manner*) And comfort one another. (*recovering*) But that's all. There we'll stop.

Del. (*with the same resolution*) Oh, to be sure we'll stop there. Yet it's a pity. (*piqued*) But no matter, we can't force people to love us whether they will or no.

Cl. No, we can't--and--so, sir--

Del. And so, madam, we'll have no love.

Cl. No, no love.

Del. Only a little complaisance--

Cl. And a little confidence--

Del. And a little friendship--

Cl. (*with resolution*) And that's all.

Del. Agreed. One kiss to seal the compact.

Cl. Sir!

Del. On the hand only--tis but a mark of respect.

Cl. (*seriously*) Or rather of indifference.

Del. (*tenderly*) No, of sincere respect.

Cl. (*aside*) I shall certainly relapse--

Del. (*aside*) She's as charming as ever--Clara!

Cl. (*tenderly*) Frederick.--

Del. My dear Clara, let us be more explicit.

(*passes his arm round her waist*)

The BARON enters.

Bar. Now, then--hey-day! upon my honor, gentle-folks, you seem on exceeding good terms for people who never saw each other before.

Cl. Dear sir! the most singular adventure. This is my husband.

Del. And this is my wife.

Bar. (*smiling*) Come, come, come,--for shame! for shame! you're in a very unfit place for a joke of this kind.

Cl. But it's very true, sir.

Bar. Is it possible you can persist, madam? I really could not have expected a lady I am so much inclined to esteem--remember what you have just told me of your husband. How can I recognise your picture in a gentleman so polite and accomplished? and you, sir, the manner you described your wife to me can never agree with--

Cl. Well, well, but this is certainly my husband.

Del. And I swear this is my wife.

Bar. Aye, I see how it is. You've found yourselves agreeable to each other, and you thought I should be credulous enough to be imposed upon. No, sir; no, madam, no, no, it will not do. I can never suffer in a respectable prison like this--

Del. But listen, sir--

Bar. I'll listen to no such thing--

Cl. Be assured--

Bar. I am assured of every thing--

Cl. (*aside*) Obstinate brute!

Del. He's raving. Let him go on.

Bar. If this is the case, you must be lock'd in a double tower.

Cl. (*eagerly*) Together, sir?

Bar. No, indeed, madam, separately. Come, you must part immediately.

Del. Must we part?--

Cl. Must we indeed?--

Bar. Tis my command--

Cl. (*to Delaval, behind the Baron, he not seeming to observe*) Contrive to see me soon--

Del. I will, I will.

Cl. Adieu, Frederick.

Del. Adieu, Clara.

Both. (*falling into each other's arms*) Adieu, adieu!

Bar. (*surprising them*) Is it possible! here's audacity! hollo, Grimgruffinhoff.

O'CLOGHORTY *enters with a halberd, guards following.*

O'Clog. Ock, honeys, and is it that you're come to? by st. Patrick you're making short work of it--

Bar. Part them immediately.

Del. She is my wife.

Cl. You are a cruel unjust man.

Bar. To your apartments immediately.

(*They are forced up the staircases severally, kissing hands to each other, and bidding adieu till they disappear.*)

A C T II.

SCENE THE SAME.

Enter O'CLOGHORTY, followed by LISETTA.

O'Clog. DON'T bother me, you little divil. Haven't you a snug little closet to yourself, and every thing comfortable about you?

Lis. Yes; but has my mistress every thing comfortable about her?

O'Clog. To be sure she has. Don't I love her as—
(*aside*) what the devil am I about now?

Lis. I'm sure you must be very hard-hearted if you don't love her; and I don't think that of you.

O'Clog. (*smiling*) Don't you?

Lis. No, indeed; for such a very ugly gentleman, I'm sure you're as good-natured as heart can wish.

O'Clog. Och! blessings on your pretty little face. If you saw me out of my disguise—

Lis. Out of your disguise!

O'Clog. (*aside*) Botheration!

Lis. What, are you in a disguise, sir?

O'Clog. Ye-es. No--o. What the divil business is it of yours now, you little inquisitive monkey?

Lis. I beg your pardon, sir, I only—

O'Clog. Be quiet now. Get to your room: make yourself easy; and I promise you, you shall soon keep your mistress company again.

Lis. No! shall I indeed, sir? oh, then I'll go to my room, and never trouble you again, indeed I won't.

O'Clog. Stop, you rogue; won't you give me—just a—little kiss before you go.

Lis. Oh dear, sir, I'm quite ashamed of you.

O'Clog. Don't be shy, now. There's nothing so ill becomes a pretty little girl, as being too shy.

Lis. For shame, sir, I'm sure you don't think so.

SONG.--LISSETTA.

When disdainfully we treat you,
 Every beauty we possess.
 When with frowning look we meet you,
 Language can't our charms express.
 Then you're sighing,
 Swearing, dying,
 Full of feeling,
 Praying, kneeling,
 Still pursuing while we fly,
 Doating while we cry, oh fie!
 Fie! fie! fie!

But when pitying your passion,
 Quickly alter'd is the case;
 Soon you spare your admiration,
 Fled is every charm and grace.
 No more sighing,
 Swearing, dying,
 Praying, kneeling,
 Vows or feeling,
 You ungrateful then grow shy,
 Sneer aside, and cry, oh fie!
 Fie! fie! fie!

[*exit.*]

O'Clog Little rogue! how happy I've made her now. Well, I couldn't keep her in misery any longer. Troth, and it's very lucky my false colours are not like to fly long; I never can stick to that damn'd thorough bass falsetto of mr. Grimgruffinhoff. When the women are about me I can't help sliding into the gentle seducing tones of mr. Teddy Fitzgrallaghan Macmullinoch O'-Cloghorty, for the life of me.

SONG.--O'CLOGHORTY.

I was the boy for bewitching 'em,
 Whether good humor'd or coy;
 All cried, when I was beseeching 'em,
 Do what you will with me, joy.

Daughter's be cautious and steady,
 Mothers would cry out for fear;
 Won't you take care now of Teddy?
 Oh, he's the devil, my dear.
 For I was the boy for bewitching 'em, &c.

From every quarter I gather'd 'em,
 Very few rivals had I;
 If I found any I leather'd 'em,
 That made 'em plaguily shy.
 Pat Mooney my Sheelah once meeting,
 I twigg'd him beginning his clack;
 Says he at my heart I've a beating,
 Says I then take one at your back.
 For I am the boy for bewitching 'em, &c.

Many a lass that would fly away,
 When other wooers but spoke;
 Once if I look'd her a die-away,
 There was an end of the joke.
 Beauties, no matter how cruel,
 Hundreds of lads though they'd cross'd,
 When I came nigh to them, jewel,
 Melted like mud in a frost.
 For I was the boy for bewitching, 'em, &c.

Here comes my commander.

Enter BARON.

Bar. Well, O'Cloghorty.

O'Clog. Well, my noble governor.

Bar. This is the human heart, my old boy. You see the moment we tried to separate them, they were dying to be together.

O'Clog. But will their dying fit last? isn't it only a little remains of their old spirit of contradiction?

Bar. That we must discover. I am preparing them a trial which will convince me whether it be a renewed affection for each other or not.

O'Clog. It's certainly very like it.

Bar. I think so too. I have examin'd them. Their hearts are all goodness and sensibility. Their heads have been to blame. I shall attack their hearts, and try if they are yet penetrable. The lady, I judge, will soon be attempting to speak to you.

O'Clog. (*smiling*) To seduce me, perhaps.

Bar. Let her; but by degrees; to keep clear of her suspicion.

O'Clog. No doubt but mr. Delaval will be trying to corrupt me too.

Bar. Well, well, you must be corrupted by him too; but you mustn't bring them together till——

O'Clog. Hark! (*in a low tone*) Here she comes, here she comes! close to the door; she daren't come down; she's making me a sign. She's all of a twitter, poor thing.

Bar. (*low*) I'll retire. (*loud and authoritatively*) You hear me, Grimgruffinhoff; not the smallest communication between the prisoners, not the smallest communication. [*exit.*

Clara. (*coming down*) Barbarous wretch! (*to O'Clog-herty*) I've found means to escape from my chamber.

O'Clog. (*aside*) Very likely, when the door was left open on purpose.

Clara. My dear, mr. gaoler! pray don't refuse me. Take this ring——

O'Clog. A ring!

Clara. 'Tis a trifling mark of my gratitude. Listen to me, mr. gaoler; you can render me a most essential service: that young man—really he's very much to be pitied. I assure you he deserves our being a little interested about him. Indeed we ought. I shall esteem it a great favor if you will be so good as to give him this letter.

(*offers it*)

O'Clog. A letter! a letter!

Clara. No, only a little note; it's open, you see. Now do, do, my dear, sweet mr. Grimgruffinhoff.

O'Clog. Oh, if it's only a little note, and open too—but if it should get me into a scrape now——

Cla. It won't---it never can. Come, take them---take them both. (*gives the ring and letter*)

O'Clog. (*holding one in each hand*) No, on consideration I'll keep only----- (*looks at the ring*)

Cla. Oh, heavens!

O'Clog. Only the letter; and you may take back the ring.

Cla. What! won't you have---

O'Clog. I'll have nothing but the pleasure of doing you a service, and that alone (*aside*) by st. Pat! here am I wheedled clean out of my character again. (*in a courser style*) Come, come, I'll take the letter, because I believe there's nothing in it to endanger the safety of the state.---There, go, go, I'll take it, I tell you.

Cla. Oh, you dear, kind, amiable man! one day or other depend upon it---I couldn't see him, could I?

O'Clog. Impossible--go back.

Cla. Yes, mr. gaoler, I will (*follows him up behind the stairs leading to Delaval's room*)

O'Clog. (*turning round*) Where are you going?

Cla. To--to---my own apartment, mr. gaoler.

O'Clog. You'll find this a round-about way, then.

Cla. No, I was going to one, whom I have so often driven from me, and whom I would fly to now at the risk of my life.

O'Clog. Psha, nonsense.

Cla. Don't you believe me? see then my solicitude, my tears!

O'Clog. (*aside*) Faith, if I do, you'll see mine too--- (*aloud*) Get away with you.

Cla. Pray, don't forget my little note.

O'Clog. Haven't I promised?

Cla. Don't be angry, dear mr. gaoler, don't be angry---but give it, immediately, I entreat you. (*aside*) Thank heaven, he'll get my letter. (*ascends*)

O'Clog. There's no standing this. So, here comes the other now, and galloping down the stairs as if the castle was on fire. (*DELAVAL descends*)

Del. He's alone, that's lucky. (*to him*) My good friend,

I can't stay up there--her window is opposite mine--I've climbed to the roof--endeavoring to get a glimpse of her Impossible! in the same tower at least--in the same tower is all I ask (*runs to the window impatiently, as if looking out for Clara.*)

O'Clog. Poor young man! climb upon the roof, run the risk of breaking his neck, to get a glimpse of his wife; and yesterday, when nothing hinder'd him, he'd have climbed to the devil to get out of her way.

Del. I don't see her. Well, answer me, can I—

O'Clog. Patience--before we talk of another apartment, what would you say—(*looking round*) if I had got--we must be cautious--a bit of a letter?

Del. From her?--my friend, my best friend! give it me, give it me—

O'Clog. Take care, I should be ruined if the governor—

Del. Don't be afraid. (*takes the letter and reads*) "My dear Frederic, I am highly sensible of the concern you have just shown about me."--that was so natural--"it has made me feel more deeply the wrongs I have done you. I will venture to hope I may one day atone for them."--My poor Clara!--"one day atone for them, I fear it will be long before I have an opportunity"--I fear so too--"Be persuaded tis my head alone"--no, tis mine, tis mine!--"that has been to blame, and that my heart"--mine is bursting--I'm choaking! I can read no more--It is impossible to conclude (*puts the letter in his bosom, kissing it fervently*) I'll read it in my chamber a thousand times. My kind friend, what you have already done for me authorises me to ask--in short, my good fellow, I'm becoming frantic, furious, ready to attempt any thing--I must rescue her from this prison, and possess her once again—a hundred thousand florins if you will assist me in the enterprize.

O'Clog. A hundred thousand florins!

Del. Two hundred thousand! I'll sign to it immediately—

O'Clog. But my duty--the punishment, if it should be discovered--

Del. You shall go with us, you shall never leave us--

O'Clog. Then my conscience--for the lady you know, is married.

Del. To me!

O'Clog. (*not seeming to attend*) Her husband, tis true, is a mad fellow, who has behaved bad enough, but--

Del. Tis I, tis I--I who have made her miserable, and who would devote the rest of my days to her happiness.

O'Clog. Your wife! are you sure of it?

Del. I call heaven to witness it.--Promise me then--you seem moved.

O'Clog. (*affecting emotion*) No, no, sir.

Del. You are affected at my situation.

O'Clog. (*smiling, aside*) Oh, that--that's a mistake.

Del. You shed tears?

O'Clog. (*aside*) I'm acting famously now.

Del. Well?

O'Clog. Well, I must consent. I can't resist. I'll run all risks for you.

Del. (*embracing him*) Oh, my dear friend!

O'Clog. Be quiet now. Listen,--we must take care.

(*with caution*)

Del. (*looking about*) We will, we will. There's nobody.

O'Clog. There's no way of getting out but by that window that looks upon the trenches, which is about twenty feet from the ground.

Del. (*with earnest impatience*) Yes, I'll jump out.

O'Clog. Yes, but the lady and I, and the little maid, we can't jump out.

Del. That's true; what's to be done then?

O'Clog. We must have a long ladder; I've got one at hand; we shall descend it, and get to the parapet.

Del. (*eagerly*) Well, we're at the parapet.

O'Clog. Not yet; but we'll make the best of our way. There we shall find a secret door--I've got the key of it.

Del. Then we open the secret door.

O'Clog. And come out upon three sentinels.

Del. We'll shoot 'em.

O'Clog. No, no, we don't shoot 'em.

Del. Well, well, we don't shoot 'em then.

O'Clog. But we pay them handsomely.

Del. Whatever they desire.

O'Clog. Then I take you to a friend of mine---he gives us horses, and there we are——

Del. In Spain?

O'Clog. With all my heart; but if you wish to secure your wite when you've got her, I'd recommend Ireland to you. We must lose no time, the night's getting dark, all the prisoners should be gone to bed.

Del. And Clara!

O'Clog. I'll go and fetch her, and the little maid too.

[*the stage darkened.*]

QUARTETTO,

O'CLOGHORTY, DELAVAL, LISETTA, and CLARA.

O'Clog. Hush! Lisetta!--this way.

(*Lisetta appears, and expresses surprize.*)

Del. This way.

Del. & O'Clog. Silence! silence!--not a word!

O'Clog. Don't be staring,
We're preparing
To escape.

Del. & O'Clog. Hush! not a word!

Del. Quickly now for Clara go;

O'Clog. Make no noise, my risk you know.

(*going*)

Del. Love my caution shall secure.

Together. No, no, we'll not stir, be sure.

Do not, do not stir, be sure.

[*exit O'Cloghorty.*]

Del. & Lis. Oh should they yet detect us,

What a dread, what an anxious night!

May fav'ring powers protect us,

And darkness veil our flight.

Lis. How my bosom throbs with fear.

O'Cl. (returne) She follows me; she's here.

CLARA enters much flurried, partly in a night-dress, and carrying a taper: she throws herself into the arms of Delaval.

Del. Dearest Clara! rapturous hour!
Our bliss once more is in our power.
Where's the ladder? quick.

O'Clog. (brings it) 'Tis here.

Cl. & Lis. How my bosom throbs with fear.

Del. Dearest Clara, do not fear.

O'Clog. Little maiden, do not fear.

} together

Delaval (having fixed the ladder, &c. ascending to the window, and handing Clara after him)

All is safe now,--on this chair,
Follow me, love--step with care.

Delaval is half out of the window, one foot appearing to be on the ladder.

DELAVAL, LISETTA, and CLARA.

Sure none will now detect us,
What a glad, what a happy night!
May fav'ring powers protect us,
And darkness veil our flight.

O'Clog. You soon shall be detected;
What a glad, what a happy night!
Your follies are corrected,
And you may spare your flight.

} together.

(A general alarm. The report of a cannon heard. drums beat, &c.)

O'Clog. Oh, the powers! we're discovered. The alarm's given, the sentinels are after us; we're all ruined; and I shall be massacred!

Cl. (tenderly) No, no, we'll take all the blame.

The BARON enters, with guards and attendants with flambeaux.

Bar. Let the gaoler be seized and put in irons immediately.

O'Clog. Here's a pretty commence!

Cla. (*holding O'Clougherty*) 'Twas our fault, indeed it was---stop him, or we'll go too.

O'Clog. (*aside*) Blessings on her tender heart.

Bar. Hear me. A courier, who has just arrived, acquaints me that you two are really married.

Cla. There, sir,---to be sure we are.

Bar. And informs me also of the motive for which you are here brought together. Your uncle, convinced that you had both your errors---

Cla. I have had many.

Del. But what have been mine!

Bar. (*continuing*) Wished at first to make you both repent them; but his kindness getting the better of his anger, he has abated the rigor of his original order, and determines to punish only one of you.

Del. (*with joy*) Me, no doubt.

Cla. (*earnestly*) Let the governor go on---

Bar. Further, being well convinced that at all events you never can be happy together again---

Cla. How malicious!

Del. Let the governor go on.

Bar. He sends me a deed of separation, and orders that the first who shall be consistent enough to sign it, shall be immediately free.

Del. (*very earnestly*) A separation! never; nothing shall induce me to consent to it.

Cla. (*with equal decision*) Nor me---never.

Del. Yet, if this is the only means of restoring the best of women to society---to her family---to happiness; if so, she may be snatched from a painful state of existence, from an abode of horror, that perhaps may cost her her life, I consent to every thing. I desire she may sign, nay, I command it, only let her be immediately set at liberty.

Cla. (*much moved*) No, sir, no; I will not sign, I will not sign. ' And you must be sensible, my dear Frederic, ' that if I refuse, it is not to disobey you. But be reasonable, Frederic: at your age, in the career of military ' honors, with the qualities to distinguish you, to merit

‘the esteem of all who surround you, could I consent that you should here sacrifice your youth and reputation.’ No; sign, and begone. Only think sometimes of your Clara, who in her retreat will hear, and rejoice in your success, and console herself with reflecting that you are happy, and love her still. Go, then, I do not command it, but on my knees I request it.

Del. (who has repeatedly wished to interrupt her) No, no, it is impossible, I will not sign.

Cl. (in tears) If——if it must be so——

Del. (embracing her) Go, go, my dear Clara.

Cl. I cannot, I cannot, my dear Frederic.

Del. Will you not? will you not indeed? shall we then—yes—your eyes instruct me—the wish is mutual—you understand me.

Cl. Oh, yes.

Del. (with decision) No separation. No separation. Here, both together, and for life. (tears the deed.)

Cl. (tearing also) Yes, for life, for life together.

Del. (throwing the fragments) There, sir; now send the minister an answer.

Bar. [aside] Here’s a crisis? (aloud) what, do you prefer remaining together in a prison——

Del. To us it will be henceforward the temple of love and happiness. We shall now live for each other.

Cl. And bid adieu to the world, and its vain pleasures.

Del. Love, friendship. [to O’Clogherty] For you ‘I’m sure, will be our friend——gratitude——[to the Baron] ‘you must grant us this good fellow’s pardon. These ‘shall adorn our asylum. Congratulate us; it is from ‘this moment only that we are happy.’

Bar. Oh, you cruel, you amiable young rogues. So, in this dismal place, you have at length found out how necessary you are to each other’s happiness. Whilst in the capital, where you were at liberty to love one another as much as you pleased, you must make yourselves miserable with incessant quarrels.

Cl. We shall have no more, depend upon it. [*caresses Delaval*]

Bar. I believe it, I believe it; and therefore I see no material objection to your returning to Berlin.

O Clog. Nor I neither.

Del. Sir.

Cl. Explain yourself.

Bar. You are both free, and have never been otherwise. You have only had a friendly lesson, and have profited by it. This fortress is no other than the castle of your uncle's old friend, baron de Limburg; the sentinels, his servants; and this terrible fellow the gaoler, his brave irish huntsman.

O Clog. Who, instead of Grimgruffinhoff, has as smooth a name and as comely a countenance of his own as ever came into your ladyship's delicate imagination—mr. Teddy Fitzgrallaghan Macmullinloch O'Cloghorty, at your service.

Del. My dear Clara, how much are we indebted to this brave officer.

Cl. How much indeed! oh, my dear uncle, let us fly and thank him.

Del. And above all, never let us forget the castle of Limburg.

Bar. If any gratitude is due to me, return here on every anniversary of this day, and celebrate with me the deliverance of our two amiable prisoners.

F I N A L E.

May love and reason ever reign
 In each fond heart with gentle sway;
 And may you never need again,
 The friendly lesson of to-day.

END OF MATRIMONY.

From the press of David Longworth.